

# OUT ON A LIMB

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Whole Number 15  
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# BOOKS



"WHY DO YOU WANT A BOOK?...YOU ALREADY HAVE A BOOK!"



## OUT ON A LIMB

### THE JOURNAL OF *THE MONEY TREE*

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### INTRODUCTION

Welcome to our largest issue of LIMB ever. At last, here is our 1993 A.N.A. Convention Diary. It may be hard to believe but it has been abridged by 50%. Also inside are some things that we have run across that we think you will enjoy.

Soon after you receive this, you should be getting our 18th mail bid sale of numismatic literature featuring the numismatic library of Russell Hibbs, the library of the Columbus Numismatic Society, a truly special consignment from Del Bland, a neat consignment from Rick Ponterio, another from a New York numismatist, one from a New Jersey numismatist, and selections from other prominent anonymous and "nonymous" consignors.

We are also proud to announce that our 19th mail bid sale, scheduled early in 1994, will feature the James J. Curto numismatic library highlighted by a beautifully bound set of **THE NUMISMATIST** from 1894 to 1960, original manuscripts for Mr. Curto's many writings, and a whole bunch of other great stuff. Also featured in sale 19 will be important selections from the library of Jack Collins, and featured consignments from Karl Stephens, Judy Cahn, two prominent albeit anonymous numismatists, and several other consignors.

Finally, this issue is coming out after the close of John Bergman's auction of the Joe Der numismatic library. John, one of the class acts of this or any time, has produced one of the most impressive numismatic literature auction catalogues ever. Although the sale closes soon after I am writing this, I guarantee that it will be huge success. John's superb cataloguing, the high quality production values of his catalogue, and the great quality and diversity of the library represent the zenith of numismatic literature, a modern classic. Every numismatic bibliophile and researcher should have a copy of this reference catalogue.

We also recently received **ANCIENT COIN REFERENCE REVIEWS** by Dennis Kroh. Subtitled, "Insightful reviews of most of the references now utilized for ancient Roman, Greek and Byzantine Coins with ratings according to their usefulness, clarity, illustrations, and availability (with prices listed)." Dennis and Desiree Van Seeters operate Empire Coins, a major Florida firm specializing in ancient coins. I have found this 107 page book to be a fascinating, witty, absolutely invaluable, authoritative guide to the often intimidating world of ancient numismatics literature.

A.N.A. 1993

or

## THE THREE AMIGOS GO TO BALIMOR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

I met Myron and Daryl at the office bright and early Wednesday morning (for the uninitiated, Daryl is Myron's wife). Daryl mentioned that a worm as a prize for being an early bird was not particularly appetizing.

The omens were strange for this convention. We actually seemed to be organized. Good news! Southwest Airlines had just established a direct flight from Cleveland to Baltimore for only \$49.00. AND a guest could fly free. Bad news! We bought our non-refundable tickets several months before. So it was on to the Park-n-Fly, a quick shuttle bus to the airport, and a smooth check-in. Myron, as you may know, rather likes flying except for the take-offs, landings, and everything in-between. So we always board last to the great joy of the flight attendants (I'm sorry; they'll always be stewardesses to me.)

Now get ready for the shocking part. Nothing went wrong. The flight landed (always a good omen) in little more than an hour (10 minutes early). We deplaned quickly. Got through the airport to the baggage claim so fast that our flight's arrival had not even been posted. We got our luggage in a trice. Myron went to the rental car counter where he rented a trusty Ford Taurus (or is it a taurus Ford Trusty?) We found the car quickly, got loaded quickly (better make that loaded the car quickly), and got onto the freeway quickly.

The directions were simple: Take 95 to 195 to 295. Again for our new readers, you must understand that individually Myron and I have terrible senses of direction. Together our PDP (poor direction perception) increases exponentially when we are together. We do not miss exits, we miss states. The only slight problem we had this time was that we assumed that each of the "95's" was an interstate. However, 195 was a Maryland highway. So we missed the exit. However, Daryl, our navigator, as usual came to our rescue by noting on the map that all we had to do was to take the next exit and it would run us right into town. We did and it did. ("Daryl came to our rescue" is a phrase I have used in so many convention diaries that I have a macro on the computer specifically for that phrase.)

When we had made our reservations in March, we had hoped to stay in the Hyatt which was the official convention hotel (aren't we special?). However, the Hyatt was already numismatically booked. So we made reservations at the Sheraton, much to my disappointment. I have always considered Sheratons in which I have stayed to be overpriced and overrated.

Anyway, within 20 minutes after we got the car, we pulled into the Sheraton. Myron noticed a bellhop (is that still the operative term?) who looked remarkably like Denis Kroh of Empire Coins. Jeez, either the ancient coin market has gone completely into the dumper, or our eyes deceived us. (More about this later.)

We were told that our rooms would not be ready until 3:00 PM. A most efficient young lady, Alicia, took charge of our luggage. We heard a car being paged by a piercing two-finger in the mouth whistle of a bellman. Except it wasn't a bellman. It was Alicia. Myron and I were envious of her skill, kind of a man-thing.

We picked up our badges (we had pre-registered). Then after a leisurely lunch, it would be showtime (or maybe HBO).

After parking the car in the Sheraton garage, we then walked through the Sheraton to the (open-air) Skyway which connects the various downtown hotels, office buildings, and convention center.

This Sheraton was decidedly a top-drawer hotel: clean, extremely well-appointed, with a knowledgeable and helpful staff. Hmmm, maybe my reservations about our reservations were premature.

It was rather hot outside on our short walk to the Convention Center (incidentally a much shorter walk than the one from the Hyatt - the official A.N.A. Convention Hotel). Probably just due to the contrast of the temperature from the air-conditioned hotel.

We went into the spacious, airy, modern, user-friendly convention center. In line to pick up our badges, we found ourselves behind Frank and Laurese Katen. Mr. Katen, who turned 90 earlier this year, just completed his 74th Auction. Frankly, he looks like he can have another 74 auctions if he wants. Laurese told us that the reason it seemed so hot outside was that it was going to be 103 degrees today; it was 103 yesterday; and it was supposed to be 103 tomorrow; and possibly 105 the day after. Fortunately it was also going to be humid. Swell. We all know how convention center air conditioning works in stress like this. However, the air conditioning in the convention center worked quite satisfactorily for the whole show. Amazing.

Someone pointed outside to a someone picketing outside. A solitary figure carrying a sign that said simply, "David Hall Is Unfair"

We also ran into Terry Stahurski, who only lives a few minutes from our home office. Yet, it always seems that we spend more time with Terry at various conventions around the country than in Rocky River. Terry who always carries a camera with him, volunteered to go outside and take a picture of the picket. (See picture on inside cover) He returned from the sweltering inferno drenched in sweat and with moss already starting to form on his north side.

Within a few moments, we renewed acquaintances with several other friends who were also queued up: Greg Heim (one of the genuinely funny people in numismatics), Jeff Rock, John Kraljevich, Jr. (the first great American numismatist of the 21st century), Phil Carrigan, and F. Gordon "Gordy" Frost who was wearing his pre-registered name tag with the name "Fred" Frost (so that's what the "F" stands for).

While "we three" and Terry were on our way back to the Sheraton for lunch, I heard my name being called, and by a feminine voice. I looked around and saw Mollie Hirt with her husband David, numismatic bibliophile extraordinaire, both good friends. You may remember from our 1991 Chicago A.N.A. diary that Mollie recommended a restaurant for a group of us that turned out to be mere \$40.00 cab ride from our hotel.

Unfortunately, Mollie has spent a great deal of time in the hospital in the last few years. It was a real thrill to see her. She did mention that she had a good restaurant for us that was just a little bit outside Fredericksburg.

Our light lunch back at the McHenry's in the Sheraton, naturally at my suggestion, turned out to be rather pricey. But, hey, it was good, as was the service, and the ambience. And we did have time. And the conversation was good.

Terry filled us in about PNG day, the day before. Terry who has developed a well-deserved reputation for coming up with fascinating material that most of us look at, but never really see.



Terry, along with Gene Braig and Gino Sanfilippo (2 near Rocky River residents), have been collecting half cent "good for" tokens for the past few years. He showed us several of his finds from PNG day

After lunch it was time to head back to the convention center for Myron and me. Daryl was going to go on a walking tour of Baltimore's glorious Inner Harbor.

Myron and I had to see a whole group of people at the show about various book projects that we are working on. Last year GOLD LEAF PRESS, the publications division of THE MONEY TREE debuted. Our first effort was Pete Smith's AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES, which has completely sold out. In fact, GOLD LEAF PRESS will soon be producing and distributing exclusively the long awaited second edition of John Davenport's most elusive book, EUROPEAN CROWNS 1600-1700. We had hoped to have a "dummy-copy" to show, but such was not to be.

The next year should find GOLD LEAF PRESS releasing a variety of neat, new numismatic literature written by prominent American writers and researchers. Stay tuned.

First, though, we immediately headed for the Numismatic Bibliomania Society table to see who had already checked in. Most of the book people gather there to say hello, catch up in the latest news, and most important, make arrangements for dinner. The book dealers and collectors are a most affable bunch. Our dinners at A N A's tend to be large informal gatherings at good restaurants where the topic of conversation is always numismatic literature: who found what, who bought what, who needs what, and who found out what about what. Despite our being a diverse group in most other ways, I can never recall anything even remotely close to a cross word ever being said at any of these feasts which tend to run about 3 hours.

We were among the earliest arrivals at the table. Soon a slimmed P. Scott Rubin, NBS prexy, arrived minus his biblio-belly. Del Bland, maven of the large cent pedigree, dropped by. Wayne Homren, NBS Veep, was behind the table. John Donoghue (pronounced Donna-hoo), the gregarious Boston area numismatic bibliophile (and lookalike for every bar patron in Cheers) had found a hoard of issues of THE HOBBY REPORTER, a little-known periodical issued in Boston from 1937 to about 1939. John was giving them out to people at the table.

A small group of us had brought some numismatic ephemera for show-and-tell. Wayne has been collecting Max Mehl stuff for several years - everything from STAR COIN CATALOGUES to bid sheets and letters. I had brought along some Mehl-cellaneous material to give to Wayne. Anything which he did not need, I gave to anyone who wanted it. I gave Del an auction announcement booklet for Mehl's Lambert sale. I was pleased that I had something that he needed.

Michael J. Sullivan arrived with some Wayte Raymond material that I needed. Armand Champa was supposed to be in at noon, but apparently he had been delayed.

The next immediate question was what dealers were selling numismatic literature at the convention. Charlie Davis, Wenham Massachusetts book-dealer and also editor of THE ASYLUM (the NBS journal), had set up. George Kolbe had a table for viewing lots for the A N A numismatic literature auction. Art Rubino had a table, but never arrived. We later found out that his van had broken down on his way driving from Santa Fe. Art and his books were missed.

A quick run to Charlie's table to see what treasures could be found. So many books, such little time. While searching through his boxes and bookshelves of literature, we bumped elbows with Dapper Dan Hamelberg, collector and numismatic bibliophile extraordinaire, and a regular member of the NBS nightly banquet fraternity.

Back to the NBS table, David and Mollie Hirt were holding down the fort. Barry Tayman, the Columbia barrister and bon vivant was seated. While Barry and I speak regularly by phone, this

would be the first time that we would be able to spend any time together since the Chicago ANA when he was virtually immobilized by a back injury. It was good both to see Barry and to see him mobile again.

We were quickly joined by Roger Persichilli, (hail fellow, well-met) the New Jersey judge, numismatic bibliophile, Italian mensch. Such a wonderful guy. How did he ever end up in New Jersey? We all played show-and-tell. Roger's library has made a heroic comeback from a fire which several years ago destroyed it. (Good bye, Van Loons wherever you are.)

3 00 PM. Time for us to meet Daryl in the hotel lobby, and to get our rooms. As experienced travelers, we were fully prepared for all the complications and problems that would inevitably arise: lost luggage, lost reservations, etc. After all, this was only a Sheraton, not a Hyatt. Surprise! Everything went smoothly at the reservations desk. Alicia of the Whistle was still on duty, and got our bags and us forthwith to our rooms: clean, large, well-appointed. I must confess to a special preference. I have the circulatory system of a penguin and like the temperature cold enough so that one could hang meat in my room. The in-room air conditioner proved equal to the task and more. For the first time in my ever decreasing memory, I actually had to turn the air conditioner down on a few occasions, an unprecedented occurrence. I readily admit that I would gladly stay in this Sheraton anytime!

Back to the show. Time for a quick visit to see George Kolbe for previewing some auction lots. George was elsewhere. His table was being ably manned (and womaned) by his son and daughter-in-law, George and Shannon, respectively. Young George of course has had dealings with collectors of numismatic literature before. Shannon, of course, has never had prior dealings Numismaticus Bibliomaniaie. But despite Shannon's being most gracious and efficient in showing the lots, only we who are experienced in the matter were able to recognize that tell-tale glint in the corner of her eye that one gets when being exposed to a strange species.

Although George's A.N.A. numismatic literature auction catalogue was widely distributed, and the bidders would be the most knowledgeable in the business, I arrogantly held out hope that I had uncovered a few sleepers.

Then back to the NBS table to make the final dinner arrangements. Armand had finally arrived. Kay (Mrs. Champa) would not be able to attend the convention show. A great lady, she would be missed. Myron and Daryl would not be joining us at dinner having made previous arrangements for dinner, deciding to do the Baltimore tourist thing, for which Myron had made a major sacrifice. The first round of the World Series of Numismatics was this evening. So Myron quite regretfully (really!) had to give up being the partner of P. Scott Rubin. Those of you who read last year's diary may recall how much Myron and Scott enjoyed sitting silently on either side of John Kraljevich who correctly answered question after question. Myron did want to defend his title of having answered the very last question asked. Scott's partner this year (2 man teams only) would be Joel Orosz (NBS board member and class act). Scott did catch me after their session to tell me that he had upheld tradition as he answered the very last question asked. Incidentally, John's partner this year was Robert Hoge. Of course, they got into the finals.

I had been paged by Mark Borckardt of Bowers and Merena. Mark took a brief break from the constant business at the B & M table to tell me of his adventure the previous Sunday. He and his wife had arrived in Baltimore before the convention for a few days of vacation. One of their visits was to Evergreen House, the home of John Work Garrett, a picture of which can be seen on the cover of the softbound Bowers and Ruddy Garrett collection auction catalogues. Mark told me that the Garrett numismatic library was still in the house. He said that he only had had a little time to peruse the library, but that we should make a special point of going there. Whenever we go to a convention, we try to make a point of seeing the city's numismatically historically important places. This just whetted my appetite for our scheduled Thursday visit.



I had a brief bit of time before dinner to look for some tokens and medals of numismatists and numismatic events - a mutual collecting interest of Myron and me. Incidentally, we were disappointed that John and Mary Bergman would not be at the show not only for the pleasure of their company, but also because John also brings duplicates of his numismatic tokens

I got to say hello to Harry and Marie Jones. Harry is a Cleveland dealer who is most-well known for paper money. Also said hello to Norm and Nancy Talbert of Great Lakes Coins who were having their typical show - constantly busy. The Talberts live just a few minutes from our Rocky River office. Periodically, Nancy will help us in shipping auction lots. Nothing like going to Baltimore so that you can spend time with your neighbors.

With just a little time to kill before dinner, I went to the Numismatic Literary Guild table to buy my NLG Bash tickets. The table was being manned by Bob Julian, one of the premier numismatic writers and researchers of this or any day. As this year is the 25th anniversary of the NLG, a special medal in silver had been struck. Instead of just buying a bash ticket, they had a special deal: medal, bash ticket, and a booklet covering the 25th year history of the NLG. Naturally, I had to get the deal with the book. I spent a few minutes talking with Bob about a project that the TREE and Bob are working on.

Then it was over to the ANS table to pay my dues. Colonel Bill Murray was manning the table. Bill and his wife (from Texas), daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild had visited our office a few months ago. It was good to see him again. No more universally well-liked person in all of numismatics than is Colonel Bill. Barry was at the ANS table. Barry, Dave Novoselsky (a Chicago collector who unfortunately was not in Baltimore), and Myron are the three best raconteurs whom I know. Several of their stories (well, maybe not that many) can actually be repeated in polite company.

By now it was onward to dinner. At Barry's suggestion, it would be Greek food. Barry has a favorite Greek restaurant and wanted to take a few of his friends to this special place. We didn't anticipate any problems with numbers as Barry and Roger would each drive.

Let the dinner begin. However, there was only one tiny problem: 2 cars, and 13 of us. Well, maybe Barry or Roger have a big car... naaah. So, the division of the populace began. Tayman, a rather Falstaffian figure, was driving his Cutlass. Fred Ouellette (a friend of Charlie's who was working with him at the show) in the 90% seat; and moi riding the hump in-between. In back were George, Dan Hamelberg, and Charlie. Suffice it to say that the only way for all of us to fit in was to remove all of the oxygen from the vehicle. Fortunately, Barry's car had a fully operative air-conditioner, at least for us in the front seat.

Roger's car contained John Adams, Armand, Michael J. Sullivan, Dan Hamelberg, and George (Jr.) Kolbe with the diminutive (fortunately) Shannon Kolbe on her hubby's lap.

Thus the pilgrims were on their way to Ikaros for Greek food. It did seem ironic that Myron of Greek parentage was not going to be present. Oh well, his (and Daryl's) loss.

We arrived in Greektown (Myron, who is a tax accountant, has numerous Greek restaurant clients in Cleveland. I wouldn't be surprised if either he or his various clients are related to most in this neighborhood). We arrived, all of us piling out as from the clown car in the circus.

The hungry troupe was eager in anticipation for the epicurean delight that awaited us. One slight problem. There was a line extending outside waiting for seating. Perhaps seating for 13 just might be a problem. Barry disappeared inside the bowels of the restaurant, emerging with news that we would soon be seated, but not to tell any of the others previously waiting in line or they would probably riot.



We were (now about 8 00 PM) led into a large room, that had been previously occupied only by a party of about 10. And we waited ... and waited. 15 minutes later a pleasant, but seemingly confused waitress came in. While several gently chided (chid?) her for her tardiness, she informed us that this was actually her day off. See had just come in to visit, and here she was being put to work. (Lesson: never go into work on your day off; you may end up waiting on 11 hungry numismatic bibliophiles, and the son and daughter-in-law of one.)

Drinks were ordered, (club soda for the non-drinking diarist). Menus appeared. Much of what was on the menu was Greek (not surprisingly) to me. We each ordered something Greek (I ordered a Kimon dekadrachm). And we waited ... Barry assured us that we would soon be served ... and we waited ... the waitress assured us that we would soon be served ... and we waited ... the owner assured us that we would soon be served .... At 10:00, after a mere 2 hour wait, our food appeared to the applause (really!) of the other occupants in the room. The shrimp, Greek version of penne pasta, feta cheese entree I ordered was superb, but just a skosh heavy for so late. While most of the food looked quite good, Fred Ouellette probably got the best looking and tasting meal, a stuffed veal delicacy.

Naturally, through the wait we all gave Barry a hard time. Poor guy! This is probably the first time that this restaurant had ever fouled up, and it had to happen while Barry was trying to please his friends.

The talk was about numismatic literature, literature of numismatics, printed stuff about coins and related stuff, and about the pursuit and enjoyment thereof. Not a bad gathering. And this was only the first night.

As the bill came, the owner apologized. And to the rather strong suggestions of the multitude, a round of drinks and a couple bottles of wine were served "on the residence." Even I had a glass of wine at this point. (An unusual phenomenon as I tend to imbibe spiritus fermenti about as often as Rush Limbaugh loses weight) By about 11:30, we were on our way homeward. On the return trip, I cautioned Barry that with George, Charlie, and me in the car, if he had an accident and got us all killed, numismatic bibliophiles would have to wait a long time for their next auction.

I rolled into my room past midnight, and in the words of the English diarist Samuel Pepys (pronounced "PEEPS"), "And so to bed."

#### THURSDAY, JULY 29

No meetings on Thursday, so this would be the day we would go to Evergreen House.

Thursday morning breakfast at the McHenry's at the Sheraton (which would become kind of a base of operations for us), bagel and cream cheese for Myron and me. Daryl was sleeping in. Myron said that their last evening's repast was good, the scenery beautiful - a most pleasant, unhurried experience.

The bourse opened at 10:00. Myron and I agreed to meet Daryl at noon-thirty (a time designation that I had seen written in a letter in CHARADE a 1962 Cary Grant-Audrey Hepburn movie) to get lunch.

On our way in, we ran into John Ford and Michael Hodder (Think that there just might be a little numismatic knowledge in that twosome?) John mentioned to me that Myron and I were pikers when it came to putting estimates on auction lots, as in George's A.N.A. catalogue he had estimated Michael Hodder's 3 book lot (lot 170) at two million dollars. Jeez, for that amount of money the Pentagon could buy a toilet seat for a C-130.

We then ran into Charlie Horning. We had first met Charlie at the JRCS get together at Russ Logan's

house a few months ago. He is a most ingratiating, gregarious sort. People like Charlie are the best part of numismatics and numismatic literature. Since then we have become good friends. In fact, Charlie sent us a batch (How big is a batch?) or two of chocolate chip cookies (I never met the chocolate chip cookie that I didn't like.) Unfortunately, Charlie mailed to cookies to the office. By the time I got to the office, there weren't even crumbs left. Myron blamed the office cats. That couldn't be the truth. I know for a fact that the cats (Andy and Cheetah) prefer oatmeal raisin. In the interest of security, Charlie's next care package came sealed in two plain brown boxes.

A few hours on the bourse floor gave us a chance to touch base with friends who we only get to see once a year, still allowing us time to get some business done. It was good to see Helen and Don Carmody (Don had only recently had a surgical procedure). Congratulated Gail Kraljevich, Jr. on the success of the Hobo Nickel Club of which she is an officer and guiding light (or maybe General Hospital). Back to George's table to see a few more auction lots, and to talk a bit of shop.

I got to see Hank Spangenberg. Essentially Hank sells numismatica Americana: medals, tokens, ephemera ... all the neat stuff. Hank's table is a must at any convention. I dropped by to see if he had any numismatic medals or tokens. He told me that I was too late. Myron had already been by. Oh well, I'll take a look anyway.

At last year's ANA, Hank had sold me a few pieces made by E.V. Cato. Cato makes tokens and jewelry out of circulation silver coins. Hank had several really neat Cato pieces this year. I also was able to buy a 1954 C.N.A. silver convention medal from Hank, the first year the C.N.A. had a convention. Apparently, Myron missed this one.

Then we ran into Brad Karoleff and John Kovatch. Brad, a coin dealer from Florence, Kentucky, and John are active members of the John Reich Collectors Society with whom we spent a couple of days (and with other John Reich Collectors Society [JRCS] members a few months ago). The enthusiastic and able co-editorship of *THE JOHN REICH JOURNAL* by Brad and Keith Bellman is largely responsible for the growth and vitality of the JRCS, whose meeting was sadly scheduled for the time period that while Myron, Daryl and I were landing in Baltimore.

Brad is also a prominent and most enthusiastic advocate of and for Young Numismatists, having recently conducted a large, well-publicized, well-received, successful, in-the-classroom, school numismatic program in suburban Cincinnati.

Lunch and our eagerly anticipated trip to the Garrett house awaited us. Normally we like to go with a large group of biblio-buddies to places like this, but we had been cautioned by the Evergreen staff (a rather protective group) that we had to come alone if we were to see the library.

Mark said Evergreen House was only about 15 minutes away, and we did have the address, and it was on a major street. So how tough could it have been to find. Anyway, after about 20 minutes we were still driving around and around downtown Baltimore during lunch hour where every Baltimore resident apparently is required by law to drive during lunch hour. We did finally find the correct street after about a half hour. As Evergreen House closed to the public at 4:00, and it was now 12:30, we figured that we would have plenty of time for a nice restful lunch and a leisurely visit to Evergreen.

About 1:00 we found a charming little place with tables outside, and a nearby parking place. As it was so hot and humid outside, we decided to eat inside at the "2010", imaginatively named after its street address. It was a charming little French restaurant. One look at the prices on the menu indicated that these owner was probably the same guy in the joke who sold shoes for \$3000 a pair (yeah, but I only have to sell one pair a week.) Oops! They had given me the dinner menu.

Myron and Daryl each had a salad and a creamed soup. I had a seafood soup. All were delicious as were the fresh baked bread and butter. (I swear that I could live on fresh baked bread and butter.)



Afterward we returned to our voyage Evergreen-ward. About fifteen minutes later we pulled into the long driveway of a stately mansion (I've always wanted to pull into the driveway of a stately mansion). We walked to the side entrance. One must ring and then wait to be admitted. We anticipated that Arthur Treacher or Lurch would then bid us enter. Instead a casually-dressed, somewhat shy, bespectacled guide named Bill Brown greeted us rather suspiciously. By now it was about 2:00. After querying us about our motives, he gave us a brief tour of the house with a narrative of the Garretts' lives in the house. For those who think only of the Garretts in terms of their coin collection, this palacial estate gives a more accurate picture of the vast, tasteful splendor in which they lived. Extraordinary antique furniture, breathtaking oil paintings, Tiffany lamps and sconces and windows, and a library of extraordinary quality and breadth. Of particular note were the individual collections of books devoted to ornithology, architecture, fine art, and music. Among the particularly important volumes are Shakespeare's four Folios, the double elephant folio of Audubon's **BIRDS OF AMERICA**, 16th century atlases, and the first illustration of the New World contained in the printed edition of Columbus' letter to Queen Isabella (which according to rumor contains an early proposal for striking a series of coins commemorating the discovery of the New World, the Inquisition, and the defeat of the Armada).

Admittedly this was all rather heady, but Myron and I really wanted to see the numismatic library. Mr. Brown informed us that would not be possible because [insert here a whole bunch of bureaucratic babble]. We told him that we had come all the way from Cleveland; we knew Dave Bowers; we ate our veggies; and we were fully-committed either to pro-life or pro-choice ... whichever would make him happy

Then he said that he had to get permission from his boss, and that he would phone her. Tempus was fugiting. His boss said that there was no way that we could see the library because [insert here another whole bunch of bureaucratic babble]. We told Bill Brown to tell her that we had come all the way from Cleveland; we knew Dave Bowers; we ate our veggies; and we were fully-committed either to or against the appointment of Joycelyn Elders as Surgeon-General whichever would make her happy.

His boss then responded that maybe it would be okay if Jane Katz, the Assistant Director of the Museum (if she were in) and gave her okay. Well she was in, but was reluctant to give her permission because ... [still more bureaucratic babble]. She reluctantly assented and led us into a room that was normally kept locked. Another high-ceilinged beautiful library room about the size of the Oval Room of the White House (only this was more luxuriously appointed).

The numismatic part of the library consisted of about 125 shelf feet of books in three floor-to-ceiling built-in bookcases. Essentially, the numismatic library is 70% U.S. and about 30% ancient and world. (Ted Turner doesn't like us to say "foreign" anymore.)

Mrs. Katz nearly went ballistic when I began to take notes. I was informed in no uncertain terms that ink in any guise was forbidden in any respectable library, that all notes were to be taken in pencil, whereupon she presented me with a "number less-than-one pencil", a cuneiform device which impressed upon the paper, but which apparently left no trace of graphite.

She also informed us of the proper way to take a book from a crowded shelf. "Take the books on either side of the book you wish to remove, and then push each of them in about an inch. Then the book you wish to remove will have its spine and sides exposed and one can remove the book without putting stress on the top or the bottom of the spine."

I proceeded to go book-by-book, catalogue-by-catalogue, shelf-by-shelf. Occasionally, I would pass a book down to Myron or he would pass one up to me for perusal.

The ancient and world references included complete sets of the BMC catalogues of ancient Greek

coins. Roman Imperial Coins. Corpus Nummorum Italicorum, and various other standard references, also auction catalogues from Jacques Schutman, the Ars Classica Pozzi collection sale in relatively poor condition, and several other European auction catalogues

Generally, the US books and catalogues were not in especially high condition, not having been especially well cared for. There was a complete set of AJN, several large format plated Chapman catalogues (Hunter, Jenks, Wilson, Harlan Smith) also a plated Beckwith but no Henderson or Alvord plated or otherwise. Virtually all of the small format catalogues, most of them nineteenth century auction catalogues had been rebound not especially skillfully in boards with cloth tape at the spine. Most had the original front cover bound inside. While there were a large number of Frossard (plated sale 37), Woodward (several 'common' plated sales), J W Scott, Cogan, and Mehl sales, not many were special or named editions.

The books included a deluxe 1886 Evans, HISTORY OF THE U.S. MINT... in leather with four raised spine bands; some important Canadian numismatic literature by Sandham; an inscribed copy of Woodward's A LIST OF WASHINGTON MEMORIAL MEDALS, 1865 one of 12 copies (copy number 4) printed on fine English drawing paper inscribed from Woodward "for the library of my friend John K. Wiggins, esq."

The large cent and half cent references through 1926 were mostly all there (though the Andrews was only the Mehl reprint). There was a dearth of works on colonials, only the last two subscription parts of Crosby, unattractively rebound, were present. There were a few references on medals.

Too soon it was 4:00. While the library may not seem overwhelming from this description, it was still absolutely fascinating to explore. Three things come to mind in looking back. First, out of the 10,000+ registrants to the A.N.A. convention, the only people with a numismatic tie-in to visit Evergreen House (site of one of the most storied collectors and collections in all US numismatics) were Mark Borckardt and his wife; and Myron, Daryl, and me. At the very least there should have been an organized A.N.A. tour for YN's.

Second, Myron noticed that on the title page of every book and catalogue, wherever there was only an initial printed, Garrett (probably) had written in the entire name in pencil.

Evergreen House has regularly scheduled organized tours. In retrospect, I would liked to have spent at least one full day (and maybe two) touring the house to see more of the other books, statuary, furniture, paintings, and glass work. As H. L. Mencken said of San Simeon, home of William Randolph Hearst, "This is the way God would live if He could afford it."

Our way back was rather quick, we only made about two or three circuits of the downtown one-ways before we got back to the hotel. Note: Baltimore has a new stadium, Orioles Stadium at Camden Yards. (Cleveland's new Gateway baseball stadium which will open for the 1994 season look quite similar.) Nearly every game is a sell-out. As there is virtually no parking close-by, people have to walk to the Stadium from various parking lots downtown. Consequently, it seemed that whenever we were either trying to pull into or pull out of the hotel garage, we always had to wait for the madding crowd which was either going to or coming from the stadium.

By 5:30 Myron and I were back at the show, and dinner was still up in the air so we could have a quick dinner, run to the numismatic literature symposium at 7:00, and then to the NLG bash at 9:30. We three decided leisurely dinner, no symposium, and yes NLG bash was the way to go. We went our separate ways until 6:30 when we would see who was up for dinner and where.

I went to see Denis Kroh and Desiree Van Seeters of Empire Coins, Inc. of Ormond Beach, Florida, purveyors of quality ancient coins, numismatic literature, and good humor. I told Denis and Desiree about seeing a Denis look-alike at the Sheraton with a luggage cart. Apparently it was



Denis, who was waiting for a bellman (Keith?). Denis apparently took matters into his own hands, hijacked ... make that "borrowed" the cart and loaded and carted himself. Denis appears to have a future in hotel management. I looked through their displayed books. They also had some behind the table which they suckered ... make that "let me look at". I picked two. Denis and I haggled price. Desiree took my side. We reached an agreement. Now I had two heavy books to lug around. It is the weight of the books that make Myron and I insist that in our next lives we are going to deal in diamonds. You carry your whole inventory in your pocket, and no diamond dealer has ever risked a hernia. (Since men get them more frequently than women shouldn't they be called himnias?)

Then to Vince LaCarriere's table, Fremont Coin Gallery. I bought a hardbound copy of David Lange's Buffalo Nickel book, a must for any reference library. Incidentally, earlier in the show, David grabbed my elbow and said, "David Lange 1993 A.N.A.". You see, in several past A.N.A. diaries, I have not listed Dave at A.N.A.'s that he was at. And I did mentioned him being at shows he was not. I make the same mistake with mentioning (or not) Ken Barr, souvenir card dealer and expert. In fact, for a long time I had suspicions that Dave and Ken were the same person since it seemed they had never both attended the same A.N.A. However, my theory proved faulty as both attended this year's convention unless one of them has perfected astral projection.

Back to the NBS table. At the NBS table we spent some time talking (and listening) books with John Adams, Gordy Frost, John Kraljevich, and Barry Tayman. As most of the assembled multitude was going to eat-n-run, Myron and I decided to meet Daryl and find a quiet place to eat.

We stopped by Bowers and Merena table and kibbited a bit with Mark Borckardt and Roger Persichilli. Mark said that if we could wait until the bourse closed at 7:00, he knew a place to eat in Little Italy. Italian is always desirable. So Myron, Daryl, Mark, and I went to Little Italy to find Sabatino's. Little Italy in Baltimore is fascinating. Probably 16 square blocks with maybe 40 restaurants, all on one-way streets. Naturally, we got just a little bit lost, several times. Because there is no on street parking, they have high-tech valet parking. A valet takes your car and parks it somewhere in the Greater Baltimore area. Then when you leave, someone calls via walkie-talkie for your car to be brought, and your car appears in a flash.

We were quickly seated. Mark promptly ordered a double order of garlic bread. The look in his eye indicated he knew whereof he spoke. I have no idea what is different about their garlic bread, but I have never had better.

The meal which followed was okay, not exceptional. I had Scampi (which were really just regular broiled shrimp with garlic butter). Myron had Calamari ("squid" sounds so pedestrian). Mark had Veal Parmesan, a huge serving that overhung the plate. Daryl had a veal dish. I couldn't make out the name, but it sounded like Veal Joey Buttafuoco. It was a good, restful meal with wonderful conversation. By the time we got back to the hotel, it was almost time for the "Bash".

For those who are unfamiliar with the NLG bash, the Numismatic Literary Guild is an organization of numismatic writers. Every A.N.A. convention, it puts on a two-part evening program (the Bash) for its members: the first part is a series of biting satirical skits about numismatics in the past year, much like the annual Gridiron Review in Washington. The second part of the program presents awards for the best numismatic writing in a variety of categories. For many years the program was ably hosted by Donn Pearlman. He retired from his hosting three years ago. Since then, the bash has been hosted equally ably by Wendell Wolka. Various regular features include a Karnak parody with Scott Travers as the nominal Ed McMahon, and for the last 2 years, Dave Bowers (prior to that Walter Breen) as the Karnak incarnation. M.C. Wolka has always done his year in review in various forms. And various others also skewer the pretentious and other worthy targets. Tom Lacey's jibes were especially well pointed this year.

The price of admission gives one access to chips, pretzels, and mixed nuts. Several bartenders are on hand to sell various forms of anti-freeze to the thirsty throng.

This year Myron, Mark, and I arrived just a skosh late. We found a table with several seats available, joining a group with Brad Karoleff and Keith Bellman (co-editors of the JOHN REICH JOURNAL). Keith pointed out that I again seem to have left him off our mailing list (continuing my trivial two-year streak of forgetting to put him on our list). The Bash was being held in a meeting room in the Hyatt, a room with no air conditioning or ventilation, but with bright studio lights

Before the festivities began, I had a chance to visit with some of our regular NLG table members: Denis Loring, the godfather of this and every A.N.A. diary; DAVE LANGE, that's DAVE LANGE ... Yes Dave lange was there; a few words with Wayne Homren about tomorrow's order of business; a few words with DAVE LANGE. And then it was, on with the show (Oh, by the way Dave Lange was there. Buy his book on buffalo nickels; it is already the standard reference on the series. Get it in hardbound if you can.)

Brother Wolka honed in on the deserving. Then it was time for Travers and Bowers. A comment is necessary here. Now I admit that I certainly am no Beau Brummel (or even Bo-Peep), but despite being a successful numismatic businessman, Scott Travers must dress in the dark. I am certain that his suit cost more than I make in a sunth of Mondays (or something), but in addition to being chalocious (Yiddish: the ch sound is made by imitating a cat coughing a fur-ball, accent on the second syllable) it is also so large that he could turn around inside it without taking it off. "Now I don't mean this in a bad way ..." (Dom Irrera, New York comedian).

The targets by virtually all participants were: Anthony Swiatek, David Ganz, Florence Shook (a perennial skeweree), the A.N.A. Board of Governors, the U.S. Mint Commemorative Coin program, and Bob Leuver (see Florence Schook).

While the humor was broad and as good as we have seen at any Bash, the room was so stifling that I began to nod off. Myron was feeling the stifle (?) as well, so unfortunately we felt the need to beat a discreet retreat to the land of nod. It was about 11:00 by now. Back to the room. I caught the Leno monologue on the tube; then to bed.

FRIDAY, JULY 30 Today would be the busiest day of the convention for us. EAC meeting at 9:00; NBS meeting at 10:30, inaugural meeting of the Colonial Coin Collectors Club at 1:00, and the inaugural A.N.A. book auction conducted by that up-and-coming George Frederick Kolbe at 2:00. Met Myron at McHenry's for breakfast at 8:00. The waitress remembered us from yesterday, and remembered what we had ordered yesterday; the same for today - bagels and cream cheese. We saw Denis Kroh moving rather somnambulistically toward the waiting line for breakfast. We invited Denis to break bagel with us.

Basically the talk was non-numismatic, marvelous, and very funny, a great way to start the day. Time for the EAC meeting was rapidly approaching, so we left Denis to eat in peace. EAC meetings are always among the most well-attended (deservedly so) meetings at any A.N.A. Always ably chaired (or hosted) by the versatile Denis Loring, the meetings are fast-moving, informative affairs. The meeting begins with the traditional "get up and introduce yourself and tell everyone what you collect" is really quite significant. You get to see the face which goes with the name that you have read about ("So he's R. Tettenhorst!") or find out that someone else also collects garden slugs by die variety. Then information about the state of coppers is disseminated. This year's cause celebre was a clarification about a prominent cent collector's legal endeavors against the entire hobby, apparently. Denis' high energy level at this early hour is staggering. For him, speed would be a depressant.

Then onward to the NBS meeting. Another of the most heavily attended meetings. Before the meeting began, Tom Rinaldo gave me a group of his lists to distribute to our friends. (See our article about Tom later in LIMB.) A few words with Henry Bergos, who also sold me a book on two



cent pieces. The speaker was supposed to have George Fuld speaking on "Collecting Numismatic Literature during the 1950's". Unfortunately, he could not attend, so Barry Tayman read George's notes. Absolutely neat anecdotes and primary numismatic history. Some may not know that the Fuld library, sold in 2 different sales by Frank and Laurese Katzen was one of the most significant libraries ever auctioned (or assembled) in American numismatics.

Next, John Ford announced the first numismatic book slabbing service, the BIBLIOGRAPHIC UNIVERSAL GRADING SERVICE. He then showed the first piece of literature to be slabbed, the recent Stack's HERMAN HALPERN sale. The real story was that each of several copies of the catalogue which Stack's sent to John was damaged in one way or another. So this particular copy was sent to John in hard plastic even with a hologram (for those who think that Stack's do (does?) not have a sense of humor. In fact, John has consigned the catalogue to Charlie Davis' next auction with the proceeds to go to the NBS treasury.

Then awards were given. The ARMAND CHAMPA AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN NUMISMATIC LITERATURE was given to the youngest NBS member, Frank Katzen. An additional ARMAND CHAMPA AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN NUMISMATIC LITERATURE was awarded to George Fuld in absentia (a suburb of Oxnard). The NBS' AARON FELDMAN AWARD was presented to Charlie Davis. Incidentally, THE ASYLUM, edited by Charlie Davis received this year's award from the ANA as outstanding club periodical.

The meeting broke up at 11.45 giving us just enough time to get a fast and light lunch with Wayne Homren and Jerry Porter (a Pittsburgh collector and friend who has nearly completed a manuscript about elephants on coins, a massive effort). Wayne suggested lunch at a nearby sports bar where he had eaten yesterday. So we had lunch at Balls. Sandwiches for the other guys: I had a crab gumbo which was tasty, but not salty. Yum.

The Colonial Coin Collectors Club (C4) was an idea floated by a few people several months ago. Prominent among the floaters were Michael Hodder, Jeff Rock, Tom Rinaldo, and Don Scarinci. They got a small meeting room, guessing that about 20 people might show up, but secretly fearing that only about 6 people would turn out. Instead, there was an overflow crowd of about 65 people (Someone later said 75). The composition of the group was utterly fascinating. I would guess that the average age was 30 to 35 although there were certainly a large number of "mature" attendees. The YN gang (Kraljevich, Ryan Thum, et al) were there. I noticed at least a half dozen young women who clearly were not there just accompanying someone else. Most of the attendees were also EAC members who thought that they were the only one's who collected colonials.

The meeting, not unexpectedly was not tightly organized because all that had existed of the C4 at the time was a tentative organizational name, a meeting room, a small group of guys who had floated the idea for forming a club if anyone really was interested, and a whole group of colonial collectors who stopped by because of their interest in colonials. About an hour of somewhat orderly, quite civilized, but not necessarily focused open discussion was held (apologies for my contribution to the unfocused part). Still, several conclusions were apparent: the formation of a club for colonial coin collectors is an idea whose time has come; and the enthusiasm of the group was palpable. A steering committee was formed of volunteers who would meet later that evening continue and to refine guidelines for the probable formation of the club.

What was also impressive was the universal recognition that development of the club would take time, work, and obviously money, and the desire of the attendees to have the club's organization done right rather than fast. Michael Hodder suggested that a temporary chairman probably should be designated. So by acclamation he was so designated. That'll teach him to open his mouth.

Should any of our readers be interested in joining the C4, please contact Jeff Rock, Tom Rinaldo, Michael Hodder, or us. We will get your name to the (rack-and pinion) steering committee. I love seeing genuine grassroots numismatic enthusiasm. It is an absolute joy to experience.

2.00- Heeere's George! We are particularly proud of there being an official annual numismatic literature at the ANA. We could not be more pleased that George was and hopefully will continue to be awarded the auction. There is no one more capable or appropriate.

George's auction was conducted in two parts. The first part was devoted to ancient and world numismatic literature. The second part consisted of U.S. numismatic literature. Because this auction will really be regarded as a historic occasion, we will list all those in attendance whom we knew. Among the attendees at the first session were Colonel Bill Murray, (beside whom we were sitting), Michael J. Sullivan (who is apparently now the only actual employee left at Procter and Gamble), Charlie Horning, Frank Van Zandt, Frank and Laurese Katen, Don Young, Steve Tannenbaum, John Donoghue, Armand Champa, Gordy Frost, P. Scott Rubin, John Huffman, Bob Leonard, Barry Tayman, Phil Carrigan, Craig Whitford, Harrington Manville (whom we still have not met face-to-face despite longterm correspondence and many phone calls) and Myron and me.

We had several lots in this session in which we were interested, we were also representing clients. Because of state law, a licensed Maryland auctioneer had to be present. While I am certain that he was well-trained in the technical aspect of auctioneering, his embarrassing lack of knowledge about what he was auctioning was made apparent when he tried to encourage the bidding on a complete 163 volume set of ANS Numismatic Notes and Monographs, by stating that, "You are really missing out by not bidding on this beautiful book" (Perhaps had he mentioned which book of the 163 in the lot of which he was speaking, there might not have been quite so much muffled laughter.) Regardless, the good material went quite well. Myron was interested in bidding on the antiquarian numismatic books (a passion of his... the books, not bidding.) I was interested in several of the British and Canadian lots (incidentally lot 60 was originally in a Money Tree sale). We had each set prices above which we would not go for our desired lots (which actually meant we would be willing to go 25% to 50% more than we had told each other.) Virtually without exception, the opening bid on every lot we really wanted was about double our maximum. Bad for our bookshelves; good for the numismatic literature. So, we spent a lot of time watching until after about an hour the first session (non-U.S.) ended.

Then after a about a 15 minute break, it was onward to the US section. **BAD NEWS**, about 25 of the bidding audience left never to return. **GOOD NEWS**, about 50 new arrivals joined the fray. Further news, George took over for the professional auctioneer.

In auctioning the whole final section, while managing both live bidders and the "book" (the mail bidders), in only about an hour, George was cool, calm, collected, in complete control, and with gracious good humor. I should know never to sell GFK short.

Now back to the auction of the US section. Among the new arrivals to the bidding pit (make that the audience) were Del Bland (who was taking note of bidder numbers. Old habits die hard), Joel Orosz, Dan Hamelberg (Quelle surprise!), John Adams, George Hatie, Justin Van Etten (one of the YN's), Rian Thum, Michael Hodder, Denis Loring, David Hirt, Charlie Davis, David Menchell, Eric Newman, Jeff Rock, Carl Feldman, Wayne Homren, John Ford, Bob Christie, John Wilson.

Let the games begin!

I was interested in lot 138, which contained 2 copies of the 1893 convention program, the first I had ever seen. George had it estimated at \$150.00. Maybe with all of the glamor items this would slip by. I figured to go \$200.00, maybe \$225. Things got rather hazy very fast. I made one bid at \$250.00 (jeez, already I've got auction fever). When the dust settled the lot sold for \$650 to a bidder who was willing to go on forever. It did not go to one of the usual high rollers. Hmm, 4 times estimate. Well, maybe good ole' bidder 43 just may be have to be a spectator.

I did sneak in on lot 139, a group of early ANA membership forms. Myron and I collect printed



numismatic ephemera (brochures, letters, envelopes, enclosures, announcements, all matter of miscellany). Lot 144 (heh, heh, heh) convention programs from the 1931 and 1932 A.N.A. conventions. Now that's just obscure enough also to slip by Wrong! Estimated at \$100.00; it went for \$450.00. Lot 145, more ephemera, neat stuff, yours truly was successful. I also got a few other goodies. Myron got a few. Generally, what we thought we could get, we didn't. What we didn't think we could get, we did ... which shows you why the Money Tree does not handicap horse races, the stock market, or the price of kumquats in Ojai.

The auction ended promptly at 4.00 to applesauce (better make that applause) for George. In retrospect several pertinent (and a couple of impertinent) observations come to mind. The market for numismatic literature is strong across the board. Important numismatic literature and numismatic information that is rarely available did quite well, some surprisingly so.

Also, a trend which has been apparent for several years is the growing demand for numismatic manuscripts by prominent numismatic researchers and authors. Judging by the success of this inaugural auction, I would be willing to stake my damaged and extremely limited credibility that George's A.N.A. auction of numismatic literature next year in Detroit will be a flat out, knock-your-socks-off, historic, barn-burner. Don't fail to miss it if you can (or something like that).

Relative to scheduled activities, the pressure was off. So several of us "experts" sat around for a while giving our instant analysis and color commentary for C-Span. After our rehash, it was down to the bourse to pick up our lots, and of course perhaps most importantly - plan for dinner!!!

On the way to bourse room, I ran into Bob Metzger, the Texas Flash, numismatist, and numismatic bibliophile superbe. In the Olympics in the year 2000, keep your eye out for the Metzger fils in the 100 and 200 meter breaststroke. I admired Bob's T-Shirt with a mosaic on the back. Up close it looked like the colorblindness test they give you when you get your driver's license. A fur-piece away, it has the emblem of the Texas Longhorns. I offered to buy the shirt off his back. He said that he's ship me one.

In the bourse room, I got to spend a few minutes with the dapper and urbane Joel Orosz about the joys of numismatic literature, people in numismatic literature, tokens about numismatics, and most important about the legendary corned beef sandwiches at Slyman's deli in Cleveland. We keep promising to ship one to him in dry ice to where he lives (K-a-l-a-m-a-z-o, oh what a girl, a real pepperoo - Glenn Miller, Air Force Band, Tex Beneke vocalist, 1940).

On our way to pick up our auction lots, Myron and I stopped at Charles Kirtley's table, who always has neat medals on display and in stock. We bought a few. The Kirtley table is right across from George's table. One of these days, I will begin to collect another of my numismatic passions, medallic art, especially in silver. Then on to Paul Bosco's amorphous table to peruse numismatic tokens and medals. I bought a few. Went to the Souvenir Card Collectors Society table to visit with Ken Barr with whom we never get to spend enough time, and whose expertise I kept calling on (and who graciously kept on giving) when cataloguing the ABNCo material in mail-bid sale 17. Ken has wonderful dry wit that tends to keep everything in perspective.

Then over to Fred Schwan's table (BNR Press). Another of those numismatic in the numismatic fraternity with a wonderful sense of humor. It turned out that after all of the help that Fred has been to us, I may actually be able to return a part of the help. Fred is working on a project about a significant figure in syngraphic history, and from whom we have a file with a plethora of correspondence.

Wayne, Myron, Daryl, and I wanted to invite George to dine with us. So back to his table where we ran into Charlie Horning again (a dentist by trade whose business card is on dental film), also Jeff Rock, and Henry Bergos. We held another auction post-mortem. All in a good mood. We had a show-and-tell with our various auction purchases.

As for our choice of restaurant this night earlier we had spoken to Barry Tayman about our previous night's repast at Sabatino's. Barry was aghast. He strongly suggested that if we wanted "really good" Italian food, we should go this evening to Cipporelli's in Little Italy which is located right around the corner from Sabatino's. Barry forgot that to Myron and me, "right around the corner" was no more help than saying that is was in the same zipcode.

So at 7:00 after George closed his table, Wayne, George, and the Money Tree triumvirate went in search of the elusive Cipporelli's which we stumbled onto. No pretense. We were lead in to a crowded restaurant by a friendly waitress (I believe the politically correct term is now stewardess oops, server.) Drinks were served rather promptly (Myron and Daryl always try to order a locally made beer wherever we go). Garlic bread and cheese bread were ordered. Not as good as Sabatino's but still in the condition census.

I ordered and then received a flat-out perfect Italian entree; thus after a lifetime search, I have found an MS-70 entree. Preceded by my favorite salad, fresh spinach and mushrooms with Italian dressing, the entree consisted of jumbo shrimp (previously broiled in garlic and wine), medallions of veal (about 8 of them, cooked separately), then covered in a marinara sauce with chunks of tomato, and served over fresh, home-made (or restaurant made) spaghetti. A huge serving that was perfectly conceived, made, and presented. I was completely unaware if any of the others at the table even had meals. The restaurant is not in the least pretentious, nor is it pricey. It is precisely the type of restaurant that one would hope to find in any ethnic neighborhood anywhere.

In addition to George's well-known excellence as a seller of numismatic literature, he is a marvelous dinner companion and conversationalist with a ready wit, gentle good humor. This pleasant meal with good friends was the perfect exclamation point to a wonderfully exciting, busy day.

On the drive back we got lost (surprise). With absolute certainty I said that we should go this way, but Myron went that way; Daryl who really knew suggested the other way. At this verbal Chinese fire drill, George was laughing. He said that he always had thought that we were just kidding when we talked and wrote about our problem with directions. He never knew we were telling the truth. We dropped Wayne off at his hotel (where Myron and Daryl had stayed on a earlier Baltimore visit). George was dropped at the Hyatt. We tried to return to the garage, but had to wait while the crowd of fans from the just-ended Orioles paraded by. Back to the room, for decompression, make some notes for the diary, watch Leno's monologue, and then (in the words of Lady Macbeth in the famous sleepwalking scene) "to bed, to bed, to bed."

**SATURDAY, JULY 31** This was to be the day that we would really get to spend some time on the bourse floor where in the previous three days, Myron and I each probably only spent about an hour total.

The only items on the agenda were to go to the **SOCIETY OF U.S. COMMEMORATIVE COLLECTORS (SUSCC)** meeting, finally to see the exhibits, to meet with Vince Alones, and to see if Terry Stahurski would drive our book purchases home. They had latter reached the weight of a small pachyderm. And what would be a highlight of the week, a visit to the home (and numismatic library) of Barry Tayman.

Breakfast for three at McHenry's. This time we went for the breakfast buffet. Unlike most buffets, this was not warmed over, greasy, fatty slop. The choices were numerous, appetizing, and fresh. Daryl's day was going to be the sea-going tour of Annapolis. On to the SUSCC meeting where I rectified an oversight and joined. Under the able and enthusiastic leadership of Helen Carmody (who is also an A.N.A. Governor), the club and its superb journal **THE COMMEMORATIVE TRAIL** are absolutely among the very best in all of numismatics. Before the meeting began, we spent some more time with Brad Karoleff and Charlie Horning, both of whom seem to have an inexhaustable



supply of energy and enthusiasm. They should both be wearing pink bunny outfits, wearing shades, and beating bass drums. Charlie was positively beaming with how much he was enjoying the convention. "this is the first A.N.A. that I've been at where I haven't bought a single coin." Charlie has bought into the people, the meetings, and books. You're a good man Charlie Horning.

Also in the audience was Wayne Homren (who in addition to being Mr. Pennsylvania numismatics, is also VP of the NBS, an ANA exhibit judge, a photographer of all numismatic events, and an active member of every numismatic organization in the Western hemisphere, and who also apparently writes for every club's numismatic journal. Apparently Wayne has found the secret to the 32 hour day.)

On the dais was Anthony Swiatek, VP of the SUSCC. Swiatek has always reminded me of someone, but I just couldn't remember whom. Eureka! An epiphany. (Paraphrasing Annie Sullivan in **THE MIRACLE WORKER** when Helen Keller finally figures out that things have names,) I know! I know! Anthony Swiatek looks astonishingly like George in **SEINFELD**, Seinfeld's unemployed friend.

The speaker at the SUSCC was a new face on the numismatic scene; if I can remember his name ... Q. David Bowers. Dave mentioned that a headline in the **NUMISMATIC NEWS** was "Madison Foundation gets and 'A' for Effort". He suggested that the "A" was for "avarice".

After the meeting, Wayne wanted to get some breakfast. Although I already had eaten, I gladly accompanied him. Just as we had gotten seated, David Bowers was walking by and joined us. Although we have corresponded with Dave Bowers and Ray Merena for several years, and we have even been privileged to have them consign some excess literature to us upon their recent move, I still was struck that perhaps the premier figure in U.S. numismatics over the last third of the 20th century had just sat down at the table to kibbitz. I asked him how he could be so fresh on the Saturday of a convention with all of the demands on his time. He said that always makes it a point to get at least 6 hours of sleep a night at the convention. Wayne and I were talking about some Mehl memorabilia, and QDB told us some of his experiences with Mehl, and with some other numismatic figures of the early fifties. Bloody fascinating!

After we ate, we were going to look at the exhibits together. But first a digression.

Earlier in the week I had made a point of going in to see the numismatic literature exhibits, but I had somehow missed Kraljevich's exhibit which detailed the growth and development of Sheldon's **EARLY AMERICAN CENTS** and **PENNY WHIMSY'S**. John had found that there were three varieties of the 1965, second edition: I did not know of any numismatic bibliophile who knew about this.

I asked Wayne if he would go over the various exhibits with me from the point of view of an ANA exhibit judge. Amazing! What Wayne was showing me about looking at exhibits through the eyes of a judge was like going from black and white to color TV. For the first time, I began to get a sense of actually seeing the exhibits instead of merely looking at them.

However, Myron ran to get me because we had to meet with someone forthwith about a publishing project. After our meeting, we were going to get some lunch with Wayne and Michael J. Sullivan, whom we had hijacked on our way when we ran into seemingly the entire midwest contingent of the John Reich Society; all of them had descended on The Money Tree earlier this summer harvesting treasures from our basement archives: Patrick McKinney, Bill Meyers, Keith Bellman, and Charlie Horning.

The basement archives no longer exist. After extensive negotiations, we completed a friendly buyout with John Burns, who is now the proud owner of about 4 to 5 tons of numismatic literature, jam-packed into about 200 cartons. We now have several empty shelves in the archives. Unfortunately with the removal of so much weight from the archives, the foundation of the office

has rise a good three feet and we had to add two more steps outside the door

Myron and I went to the message booth to page Vince Alones and Terry Stahurski. Several pages and about 15 minutes later no luck. Well, sort of luck. Seated at the author's table were Bill Bugert and Randy Wylie who were autographing their newly released large format, hardbound, illustrated book **THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO LIBERTY SEATED HALF DOLLARS**. We had been chasing after the guys all week to get copies, and here they were right under our respective, and rather prominent, probosci. As we find typically among book people, neat guys with wonderful senses of humor.

No luck with the paging. Earlier I had mentioned to Brad Karoleff that Charles Kirtley had an overstruck bust half that he might be interested in. Brad told me that he had in fact purchased the coin, that it was neat, but that it had cost him just a little more than he had hoped to spend, his first born male child, but what the heck! The John Reich guys would join us for lunch. Neat. On our way out, we ran into good friend Carl Feldman, a NJ numismatist and semi-recent convert to the vice of collecting numismatic literature. Also a few more words with Hank Spangenberg who told us that his daughter had moved to Strongsville, a throne's stow (make that stone's throw) from Rocky River. Then Bob Julian crossed our path, and we stopped to talk about a project that we are working on together. Finally, after all of the mishigas (yiddish for "craziness", am marvelously onomatopoeitic language) it was time to do lunch. And so to lunch en masse, but where?

Back to McHenry's for lunch. We were seated at a table for 12 despite there being 8 of us: Keith Bellman, Brad Karoleff, Charlie Horning, Dave Hirt, Michael J. Sullivan, Wayne Homren, and Xenos and Lowe. The irreverent, snappy patter began from the start with some wag (come to think of it, it was your faithful diarist) said that we'd also need a booster chair for Brad. The luncheon buffet was the order of the day: a veritable cornucopia of choices. The conversation was a veritable cornucopia of insults, embarrassing tales told about one another (what my brother and I used to refer to as National Cut Your Buddy Week). I would be remiss if I did not mention that Homren, Sullivan, and Hirt were much too decent to join in the mass mutual character assassination. The fur was flying so fast that Michael J. had to nearly grab me so that Charlie could get a word in edgewise. Finally, at 2.45 it was back to the show.

Until it was time to leave for the Tayman manse, Myron and I hit the floor separately to talk to some of our friends who were bound to their tables. But first, back to the message booth. Every 15 minutes or so we would have Vince and Terry paged. Unfortunately no responses. Frustration. It was possible, however, that Terry had gone homeward yesterday.

I thought that I'd stop by the Souvenir Card Collectors Society table for a few minutes, as the table had probably been the most active club table at the show. Well it turned into more than a few minutes. I met Barry Fox (Quality Coins of Randallstown, MD, a friend of Mark Auerbach's, who unfortunately was unable to attend the show. He was missed.), Michael Bean, Art Benjamin, Bob Ashbaugh, and Bob Hallett. I purchased two 19th century books replete with intaglio (steel-engraved) plates from the latter Bob.

If I had not mentioned it before, another of my numismatic vices is steel-plate engravings (the type of engraving on U.S. paper money. If you run your fingers over the portrait on a new piece of paper money, you will feel how the engraving goes into the surface of the paper, not upon the surface as a photocopy.)

Michael Bean, a plate printer patiently explained to me what a plate printer was. Plate printers are the guys who actually print the money for the BEP. Every year, various union locals of plate printers produce an intaglio printed card. The various cards are assembled in a book. The members then each get a book. Some others are produced for sale (I think). This year was the centennial of the plate printers union. The book was being sold at the SCCS (not to be confused with the SUSCC) table. I bought one. Absolutely magnificent.



The back to the floor. I got to spend a bit of time with Joe O'Connor who works with Larry Whitlow. Joe has been a major consignor to several of our auctions. The only idea I had of Joe's appearance was the one in Larry Whitlow's ads in COIN WORLD. In fact, Joe could never be identified from COIN WORLD picture, which is so bad as to make driver's license pictures by comparison look like portraits by Yusef Karsh. In fact, Joe is a well-polished, knowledgeable, personable young guy who with matinee idol good looks. By appearance, Joe certainly looks out of place among the typical coin dealer type.

Then, too briefly, a visit with Kerry Wetterstrom, of Classical Numismatic Galleries (CNG), another of the good guys.

Time to page Vince and Terry again. No luck. On the way to go meet Myron to go Taymanward, I ran in Denis Loring and his lovely wife Donna (or is it Donna and her lovely husband, Denis?). She is truly a gracious lady who has already mastered how to be pretend that coin people are almost nearly normal. Denis truly has an indisputable, unslabbed MS-70. Unfortunately, I am afraid that the same cannot be said for her spouse who is optimistically graded "basal state >1". Great people; ain't love grand?

Then to Kolbe's table to see if we could scrounge a box or two for packing our books in. While we were waiting, we talked each other into buying an exclusive George Kolbe production: a deluxe copy (only 25 made) of the Browning and Breen **EARLY QUARTER DOLLARS**, full morocco, all edges gilt, photographic plates, 5 raised spine bands. What the heck. It's only money. By the way our new consignor's fee has been raised slightly, from 25% to 95%. After all someone has got to pay for these books

Wayne Homren put the exclamation point on our purchases, "Men Who Buy Books for Themselves ... Next on Geraldo!"

One last unsuccessful attempt to page Vince and Terry.

Finally, on to the Chateau Tayman went The Money Tree Three and Wayne Homren. One slight, tiny, minute problem. Barry gave me the directions over the phone to his place. We were going to have to drive to a new place a capella. Alert all radar stations. The Money Tree explorers were going to make a 20 minute drive with the only written directions taken by moi.

Un-freaking-believable! It finally happened. Miracle of miracles. Fortunately we have Wayne as a witness. We did not get lost! We actually got where we were going, when we were supposed to be there, the way we were supposed to go. We are on a streak, one in a row. The only bad news was that we barely had two hours to spend. We had to be back at the bourse at 7:00 to gather for the last supper (no, not that one!)

Barry greeted us at the door, having had presence of mind to have sent his wife and bairn to safety, while the midwestern horde came a callin'. We entered the digs, replete with early American furnishings and accent pieces. Not very surprising because Barry is an early American.

While Daryl stayed to listen to music, Myron, Wayne, and I invaded the library through the doorway with a sign overhead, "The Armand Champa Auxiliary Library". As Wayne earlier gave me a lesson in judging exhibits, permit me to give you the K.M. Lowe Correspondence School Mini-course in Numismatic Library Perusal and Evaluation.

Points are taken off for the following offenses: (1) Neatness (if it is neat, you ain't usin' it) (2) No books on the floor (if you have room for all your books on the shelves, you don't have enough books) (3) A tidy desk (Keeping a desk tidy takes valuable time away from book-stuff. If the desk in the library does not have catalogues, correspondence, and emerging life forms developing among

the clutter, then you are not devoting enough time to your mania

When perusing a library I prefer to look at those items on the bookshelves that do not have titles readily visible on the spines. Whereas most people look for the classic titles, I look for things that I have heard of, but never seen, or preferably things that I have never heard of. Wayne and I were on our hands and knees going through the jam-packed shelves finding all kind of neat stuff. Barry's library is not for show (books arranged by height and color, flawless bindings); it is a working research library.

Unfortunately we had neither enough time to visit with Barry nor to have enough time with/and in his library. But it was certainly a neat appetizer. Flash: in the few days since I began writing this diary, a price war has developed among the local airlines. Airline tickets to Baltimore are now \$19.00 (that's "one-niner") each way. The gas for driving from Cleveland to Baltimore costs \$37.00. See ya soon. Barry. Meet me at Cipporelli's.

We bid Barry a fond adieu. We got back to the bourse with time to spare. We had about 30 minutes until the book guys were to assemble for dinner. Paged Vince and Terry - no luck. Ran into John Kraljevich and Rian Thum (I have ties older than both of them put together, but they have already forgotten more about numismatics than I have forgotten - or something). Into the bourse room. On the floor behind Art Rubino's unoccupied table were three unopened cartons (probably of books) addressed to Art from Sanford Durst. Stopped at the ANS table to spend a few minutes with Charles Hoskins reminiscing about the ill-fated International Numismatic Society (INS) of which we were both charter members.

To Charlie Davis' table to assemble for dinner. The players for tonight's drama would be Homren, Hamelberg, Kolbe, Davis, and The Money Tree Three. Armand was nowhere to be found. As we found out later, he had to leave for home rather suddenly due to the press of business.

It took a bit of time to decide on a place, but since we were the only ones with a car, to avoid the "sardine" debacle of Ikaros, it was decided to find a place in walking distance. QDB had recommended Phillips in the Inner Harbor. As it was Saturday evening, I phoned to see if reservations were necessary. I was told that while they did not take reservations, there was no wait - immediate seating. So it was about a 10 minute walk on a very hot and humid evening. The Inner Harbor was wall-to-wall people. Although it was difficult to walk at times, there was no sense of stress or pressure. The people watching was good.

We arrived at Phillip's to find a horrendously long line of people waiting. I overheard the "Maitresse d" saying to the person in front of me that it would be about an hour to an hour and a half wait. Incidentally, the person in front of me indicated that she needed reservations for a party of 21! When I asked the lady in charge why I was told that there would be no wait when in fact the entire population of the eastern seaboard was waiting ahead of us, she informed me that whoever took the call (and she did not know who it was) was probably told to say that there would be no wait.

Needless to say the rest of the gang of 8 was not all that happy, but they decided, "Let's make the best of it; we have no where else to go; besides by the time we go somewhere else, it will probably be just as crowded." So we all went in the bar (sardine time) for liquid refreshment. .... Oh, no! Not now!

Yep, the return of the dreaded intestinal distress, and I do mean dreaded. Briefly and preserving whatever shred of decorum remains in this document, my digestive system went south in 1978 during an intensive three month marathon on the coin circuit. Occasionally, it rears its ugly head. From 1988 to 1991, it was a chronic rearing. The last two years have been calm. Yet, here it was greeting me again. It demands immediate (and I mean immediate), and constant relocation to a porcelain facility. As the old line, "Wild horses could not have dragged me away from this



occasion"; well this was a veritable stampede. I had to depart stage left "immediatement", making hurried and incomprehensible apologies for my rapid departing. I spent the next few hours at several of the more prominent establishments, or rather at their water closets, as Jack Paar said once so controversially. Incidentally, the Hyatt does get my highest recommendation for at least one facility.

Afterward ... I was more than slightly embarrassed by my hasty exit. I decided to phone the Phillips to see if I could order a round of drinks for the group, and pay for them over phone by some kind of charge card. I went through a series of unsuccessful phone negotiations with a variety of restaurant personnel. The people were so officious, intransigent, and ineffable that they must each be honor graduates of the Academy for Bureaucrats. I asked if perhaps one of the insuffragettes might deign to express my regrets to the group, if that was forbidden by the bureaucrats Code of Conduct.

Just about the time, I had returned to abnormal, I heard a knock on the door. Myron and Daryl had returned. Daryl indicated that the food was good, but not exceptional. Myron said that he had good news, good news and bad news. Good news 1. Myron had volunteered to put the round of drinks that I had planned to order on his credit card, and that I could repay him later. Good news 2. the restaurant did not have 100 year old Napoleon brandy. "Why would that be good news?" I queried naively. Bad News because the restaurant did not have 100 year old Napoleon brandy, Charlie and Dan ordered double-somethings at "mucho dinero" a pop, instead. The price of the round of drinks was equal to the losses incurred in the Savings and Loan collapse.

I was really disappointed at not having been at Phillips. It would have put a nice artistic conclusion to a marvelous convention. After all tomorrow we were merely going to go to the convention to ship home our books at the Post Office booth inside. (Yes, there is a temporary Post Office in the bourse room which is open on Sunday until 3:00 PM.) Then it was straight to the airport ... or so we thought.

**SUNDAY, AUGUST 1.** Awoke early and did the stairway routine for the last time. We three in the elevator down to McHenry's. Met Mark Teller, of M. Louis Teller, in the elevator, "Good show. Much better than expected."

Buffet for the Xenoses. Bagel, dry, and another one to go for the diarist. (Remember, EML Commandment Number One ... Thou Shalt Not Eat Airline Food. See last year's ANA Diary). Irvin, the McHenry's server could not have been more attentive and considerate. Should you go to McHenry's at the Sheraton Inner Harbor in Baltimore, ask for him. We waved to the Empire Diumvirate at the next table (Denis Kroh and Desiree van Seeters).

Back to the convention for package posting and good-byes. I heard from Gail Kraljevich, John's mother, that John was given YN of the Year at the banquet last night and that the ANA Board had passed (or would soon pass) the Kraljevich Rule. According to past ANA rules, any YN who exhibits can only win a YN award. If by chance he or she had the best overall exhibit in a category in which there were adult entries, the YN could not be declared the overall winner. In essence, as in one category in which John competed, his exhibit was judged the best overall, but an adult who actually finished third received the first place award. As I understand it, Rian Thum, another YN extraordinaire, was the overall second place winner in that same category. Because of the apparent unfairness of the current policy, as of next year any YN whose exhibit wins, places, or shows in an exhibit category will be not be penalized, and will receive his or her appropriate award.

I hereby encourage Mr. and Mrs. Kraljevich to build a substantial addition on their residence to house the hardware which John will be lugging home. Incidentally, of the four exhibit categories which John entered this year, he won ... let's see ... four firsts. Of importance if we have not mentioned it recently, as impressive as John and Rian are numismatically, they are equally

impressive as John and Rian are numismatically, they are equally impressive as people they remain unspoiled, unaffected, personable, and well-centered Good folks

On the way out, I met Greg and Robert Ruby. I also met Milt Lynn, a friend of Barry's. Finally we plum ran into Vince Alones. Vince had been in the bourse room all day yesterday. Yet he had heard none of our pages. He asked me why I had not just simply left a message for him at the Hyatt where he was staying. Uh, you see, well, er ... it's kind of this way ... I flat out never thought of it. That would have been far too logical and obvious

Then it was time for the trip home. A quick check-out. An uneventful (routine for anyone else) trip to the airport. Time for a meal for the Xenos two (Remember, I had bagel McHenry). A 45 minute flight home, well ahead of schedule. No problems with the luggage, the shuttle bus, or getting to our car. The bill for parking was \$35.00 which was precisely the total amount of money which Myron had remaining

Xenos drove me to the office to pick up my car. Loaded the Honda (made in Marysville, Ohio!) and drove home. Smooth. I opened the front door to my abode and was greeted by a blast of hot air. The blower motor in the whole house air conditioner had burned out. Bad news: although the blower had blown out, the compressor had run for 120 hours straight. My electric bill would be larger than my zipcode. Oh, by the way, we were in the midst of a heat wave. Of course, the humidity made the air so thick that birds which had tried to fly were just stuck in the air.

Regardless, by Monday all was fine, the cat was home, the air conditioner was promptly repaired, and for some reason I did not have either the customary post-show withdrawal-cum-jet lag or any lingering effects from the green death - all was right with the world

Anyway, I went to the show with an unlimited budget and exceeded it. Great show. See y all next year in Motown. Too all of those whom I met at the show and did not mention, I apologize. By the way, did I mention that Dave Lange and Ken Barr were at the show?

## **AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF W. ELLIOT WOODWARD**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Among my uncatalogued numismatic literature ephemera, I recently ran across a 4 page (with two and a half pages of typescript), 8 by 10 inch announcement, produced by William Woodward dated September 3, 1884 promoting his 69th sale which was conducted from October 13 to 18, 1884. In addition to promoting the sale, he also included information about his numismatic background and interests. Myron and I were previously unaware of this autobiographical sketch, nor were various other notables whom we contacted.

As we are not aware of its being published elsewhere, we offer it for your consideration. If it has been printed elsewhere, we apologize for being redundant and for our individual and collective poor memories. The punctuation and capitalization is exactly as printed in the circular. The sketch begins after a description of the contents of the collection.)

At this point, a bit of insignificant personal gossip will, I trust, be excused. My love for collecting is so great, I have sometimes fancied that I must have been born a collector, but the beginning of my coin collecting I am able to trace. When I was a child, certainly not more than four years of age, my father occasionally showed me a metallic calendar for the year 1799 which he possessed. This, together with an English half-penny and a half stiver of Essequibo and Demarara, constituted his entire numismatic collection. The desire to possess these pieces, all for myself,



became a ruling passion, and when they were placed as a free gift in my childish hands, my joy knew no bound. I had before determined to collect coins, but from this moment it became, and for so many years continued the principal object of my existence, pursued assiduously and with no small degree of success, considering the limited field in which I worked, and the still more limited means at my disposal, until the year 1847. At this time desiring to make a journey, involving some considerable expense, I drew from my cherished horde a sufficient number of silver dollars and sold them to a man of numismatic tastes, for the needed amount. This was, with me, the beginning of the Coin business.

From this period my collection rested, mainly without additions, until 1859, when I drifted into the coin business as a partial occupation. In buying books and other objects from dealers I had often been vexed to find that, after paying a great price for what I desired, the dealer had reserved for himself a better example than he had sold to me. Knowing that others had the same feeling, before launching into business I took from my small collection the pieces hitherto mentioned, together with a few little keepsakes; these I have always retained. All the remainder were placed in my stock and were speedily disposed of.

For many years thereafter, when I was selling coins in great numbers, after purchasing and scattering many of the finest collections in the country, gentlemen, who visited me often said, in a manner half secret and confidential, "Now we have seen your stock, pray show us your private collection," and when assured that I had no private collection, not a single piece besides those so freely shown and offered for sale, they expressed unbounded surprise at my neglect to at least lay the foundation of a great collection.

Acting on the ideas here indicated, I never again, until within a few years, attempted to form a collection of coins. Some three or four years ago I found in my stock a number of coins and medals, each bearing the representation of an elephant, and I was struck with the idea that a little collection of similar pieces would be curious and interesting. Making some progress in my collection of elephants, I added to it lions, bears, and various other animals; subsequently monsters, mythological and human; presently after, I commenced a cabinet of Boston and New England Coins and Medals. To these lines I added Siege Coins and Money of Necessity, and the great Silver Coins of Europe. The various other departments of the collection were determined from time to time, and added to as occasion presented itself. I find now, that after extending this Catalogue to the utmost allowable, whole blocks of my Coins and Medals remain untouched. Amongst these are U.S. Pattern Pieces, Presidential and Political Tokens, Common Store Cards, and Rebellion Currency of 1863, German and Italian Medals and several others. Of this remainder I do not propose to make a sale, though they may sometime be offered merged with some other collection, or they may be retained as the nucleus of a new gathering.

This Circular is sent to every Collector known to me, thus affording to all an equal opportunity of securing the Catalogue

[EDITOR'S NOTE: following is other information pertinent to the catalogue and the collection printed in this brochure.]

Having this day completed the Manuscript Catalogue of my own collection of Coins and Medals, I am prepared to announce that the Catalogue will be through the press and ready for delivery when this circular reaches my correspondents. It comprises 4,219 numbers, and will contain about 250 pages, being the largest Catalogue of Coins ever issued in this country, both as regards the number of lots and of pages.

The cost of this catalogue compels me to adopt a new plan for its distribution, in order to prevent the waste attending thus usual method, by which prominent collectors receive from two to eight copies each, while those who are less known are overlooked.

This edition is limited, and the cost, without postage, is considerably in excess of 50 cents for each one. They will be sent postpaid to collectors, in response to special orders only, accompanied with a payment of 25 cents each for each copy desired; and no more than two copies can be sent to any one person.

Fifty copies uniform with my series for Collectors, printed on extra heavy tinted paper, with the plates, will be neatly priced in red ink, and sent to order as soon after the sale as practicable. Price, \$2.00 each, postpaid

An edition with six plates, illustrating more than one hundred of the Coins, will be sent to order for 65 cents.

## **YOUR POSTAL SYSTEM IS HERE TO HELP YOU**

Since we conduct mail bid sales of numismatic literature, implicit is that we will mail the numismatic literature to the winning bidders. Every once in a while we will hear from a bidder that his or her package did not arrive. The Post Office lost one package several years ago and paid the insurance claim (the book was a super book, too)

In another case, we got several letters (which grew more irate as time passed) indicating that the individual did not get her books which we had written to her that we had long since mailed and therefore was not about to pay for books she had not gotten. Several months later we received the large box with the aforementioned books from the Post Office with the notation that since the individual to whom the box was addressed did not respond to the 4 different call slip notifications in her mail box, the box was being shipped back to us. Evidently, you can lead a horse to books, but you can't get it to go to its post office box. Incidentally, we never heard from her again, but we have held onto the top of the box with the various postal notations ... just in case.

Which brings us to the purpose of this entry. Our fifteenth mail bid sale close December 5, 1992. Because of the proximity to the holiday mailing season, we got the books shipped ASAP. Our buyers (Bless each and every one of you) pay their invoices promptly. One of our newer bidders (ain't it always the way?) promptly sent us a check after receiving his invoice with the reasonable expectation that he would soon receive his books. Wrong. The books never arrived. He sent us a very reasonable letter requesting that we refund his money since he had never received his books. So we did. And chalked up one lost package to experience, and sadly to a new bidder. (Now had it been Jeff Oxman to whom our shipments always seem to get fouled up ...)

Last week (early in July) we received a letter from the aforementioned "new" bidder informing us that he had just (nearly 8 months after having been mailed) received the "lost" package in the mail. With the package was a letter from the USPS. We have printed that letter (somewhere in this issue) exactly, except for reducing its original 8 by 10 inch size to fit on our page.

Perhaps this may explain that your missing packages may not really have gone to the elephants' burial ground. Or perhaps this may explain that the elephants' burial ground is a division of the USPS.

## **THE INVASION OF LOUISVILLE REVISITED**

This summer's A N A Convention was the fifth anniversary for the second of the two most



important events in modern American numismatic bibliomania. The first event was the formation of the Numismatic Bibliomania Society. The second was the "INVASION OF LOUISVILLE", July 23, 1988. [Incidentally, the phrase "INVASION OF LOUISVILLE" was created by one Myron Xenos] As many of you have come to numismatic literature in the last five years, you may not be familiar with this truly historic event. For those of you who may be familiar with the story, another look may bring back fond memories.

Some of you may not know that Armand Champa of Louisville, Kentucky has the finest private library of American numismatics, and perhaps the finest ever assembled. In 1988 the A.N.A. convention was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, just a 90 minute trip up the road from Louisville. Armand and his wife Kay thought it would be a neat idea to invite a few of his closest friends to come down to Louisville to see his library, or at least that was how it started.

Eventually it grew until the plans were formalized. A group of numismatic bibliophiles were invited to spend Saturday of the A.N.A. July 23, 1988 at his library. The invitees were a roster of distinguished numismatists, literature dealers, researchers, authors, collectors, other assorted notables, and Myron and me. This truly promised to be a numismatically historical gathering. Make no mistake, Armand is not an "acquisitor" or a curator of a museum. Armand is in the best sense a bibliophile and numismatic scholar, who has created a true working library.

For logistics, Armand had rented a Greyhound bus in which to transport his nearly 50 guests from Cincy to Louisville. He had removed the furniture from his living room, and had replaced them with many tables on which were glass display cases for exhibiting many of his special "treasures". Following the afternoon viewing-cum-seminar, the entourage would be taken to Del Frisco's, an exceptional Louisville restaurant, (a highlight in itself).

10:00 A.M. - lobby of the Clarion Hotel awaiting the bus.

The bus arrived; Cal Wilson checked us on like a dutiful tour guide.

A beautiful day to visit Shangri-la. The 90 minutes provided an opportunity to meet more of the cast members. Jules Reiver and his wife sat behind us regaling us with some of his manifold experiences. The travel time passed all too quickly.

11:45 - The tour group arrived at Mecca. Cameras galore recorded the occasion, most knowing how special this was to be. Armand had hired a videographer (that's a professional video-camera operator), which meant that for all posterity the occasion would be preserved.

Under one roof at the same time were Jim Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Vince Alones, Mark Auerbach, Ken Barr, John and Mary Bergman, Del Bland, Remy and Avis Bourne, John Burns, Jack Collins, Charles Davis, Sande Elinson of the ANS, John Ford, Gordon Frost, George Fuld, Martin Gengerke, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Grace, Nancy Green, Carling Gresham, Wayne Homren, John Huffman, Frank and Laurese Katzen, Col. Bill Murray, Eric Newman, Jess Patrick, Jeff Peck, Judge Roger Persichilli, Dick and Lorraine Punchard, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Reiver, Jeff Rock, P. Scott Rubin, Michael J. Sullivan, Barry Tayman, Bob Wester, Cal Wilson, Bob Zavos. Apparently John Adams and Denis Loring had visited the day before.

Armand's residence is a Spanish ranch, both in style and size. For the hungry pilgrims a "small" buffet had been prepared. There could not have been a turkey or ham (remember I'm a city boy) left alive in the county.

Most of the available room in the house was allotted for the special museum-style displaying of the creme-de-la-creme. As Armand realized that facilities should be provided for consuming comestibles, he had a modest patio built onto the back of his house for the occasion. Envision the west portico of the White House. After all, one would not want to see a Crosby described as "VF with

light foxing and Grey Poupon".

Comprehensive, systematically organized, and immaculately presented numismatic books, first editions, best editions unique copies, periodicals catalogs, pictures, original manuscripts, ephemera, letters - a veritable museum. In culinary parlance, it was at once a smorgasbord and five-star restaurant

We must restate that it is a working library. For example, in the primary room, George Fuld was looking at token literature; Eric Newman knelt with a small group looking over counterfeit detectors; Del Bland at a table, oblivious to all, perused fixed price lists from St. Louis Stamp and Coin, in a group, Remy Bourne showed Armand his superlative tome on FPLs; Mike Sullivan checked various editions of bank histories. John Burns, sat at a shelf, hyperventilating from biblio-rapture. Truly a scene out of the finest tradition of classical education, all egos having been left in Cincy.

A significant contributor to the special nature of this library is the master binder Alan Grace. For books needing special care, Mr. Grace artistically surrounds them with extraordinary bindings and end papers in the best tradition of classical old world craftsmanship. Viewing various examples of Alan's work in Armand's library is an experience in itself.

With such a concentration of VIB's (Very Important Bibliomaniacs), various constantly changing small groups gathered and dispersed. I was able to spend some time with Vincent Alones (a white-haired, white handle-bar mustached numismatist), specialist in Latin American coinage. I spent time with a group comprised of Dick and Lorraine Punchard (who is a published author and expert on children's play dishes from circa 1700-1900), Avis and Remy Bourne, Frank and Laurese Katen - scintillating conversation from exceptional people (it doesn't get much better than this).

At about 2:30, book talk with Roger Persichilli and Barry Tayman. A too brief chat with Jess Patrick. Both the photographer and videographer were constant presences.

Not only did Armand have his books precisely organized and displayed, but also inside or beside most works he has inserted annotations and explanations about the individual works' history, source, provenance, and/or importance.

3:00 - I sensed that I hadn't seen some of the bus riders for a while. In the back of the house an incredible scene was being played out. At 2:00 Armand asked John Ford a question. John was only about halfway through the answer. The unbelievable nature of this scene is manifold. The legendary John F. Ford, Jr. was stretched out on the bed in the bedroom of one of Armand's daughters - dignified John on a "frou-frou" bed regaling us with tales as Armand, Barry Tayman, Roger Persichilli, Jess Patrick, Myron, and I leaned against "frou-frou" wallpaper, our group spellbound amidst the shelved stuffed animals and pictures on mirrors - while with the videographer preserved this for all history. Better make that mostly preserved. John so frequently had us all convulsed that the V-grapher's camera was bobbing up and down. A variety of tales, some later printed in the two part interview in LEGACY, and some others that were not and could not.

5:00 - I discover buried treasure. Armand showed the Punchards and me a small previously unrevealed storeroom in which duplicates, defectives, incompletes, and unchecked were stored. Thus, every pile was a potential treasure to be uncovered.

5:30 - Armand's remarkably affectionate and personable, matched toy poodles introduced themselves to the multitude. Wonderfully playful creatures with the run of the house, yet, they would not dream of venturing into the library. However, Armand informed us that Del Bland, a frequent visitor to his library, constantly lures these unsuspecting critters into the "forbidden room".



5:45 - on the patio with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Grace. Virtually everyone commented on quantity and quality of work that Armand and Kay put into this day, and the grace with which they carried it off.

6:30 - the bus arrived to take us to Del Frisco's for our evening's repast. Del Frisco's is a Louisville eatery with legendary steaks: huge tender filets for the bibliophilic carnivores.

7:00 - The arrival of the bus in front of the restaurant found us being videographed as we de-bussed. An anonymous wag (whose last name begins with an X) commented that the cameraman was really from IRS. Myron dined with John Ford, Carling Gresham, Gordon Frost, George Fuld, and Roger Persichilli. I with Mr. and Mrs. Katen, Mr. and Mrs. Champa, Barry Tayman, and P. Scott Rubin. Dinner conversation was enlightening, uplifting, and bloody entertaining.

10:00 - Carling Gresham presented Armand with a plaque from Gordon Frost which had been signed by his guests.

10:15 - Bibliomaniacs on tape. Bob Wester had brought Armand's VCR so we could see the unedited tapes that had been taken all day. After about an hour of viewing and twelve hours after the journey had begun, the assembled biblio-babblers were getting decidedly tired.

11:15 - back to the bus. Frank and Laurese Katen had brought a gift of numismatic literature for each guest which was presented to us as we boarded. Needless to say, the late hour return trip was mostly silent.

12:30 - the bus arrived in back in Cincinnati; we returned to reality.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five years have passed. Various photographic records were made by Armand and his guests. Armand produced a 2 hour videotape of the **INVASION OF LOUISVILLE**, and showed parts of it at the 1989 NBS meeting at the A.N.A. convention.

None of us "invaders" can ever forget the experience. The passage of time has only sweetened it. Everything was perfect: from Armand and Kay's plans and efforts, to the invited company, to the weather. Although many bibliophiles have assembled before and since at various other important and distinguished gatherings, none has been so special.

## TOM RINALDO'S YESTERYEAR COINS

Today (July 20, 1993) we got in the mail an envelope from Yesteryear Coins. Inside was "Colonial Numismatics List - July 1993" a 62 page fixed price list printed both sides on 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper devoted to 300+ lots of primarily colonial coins, but also including Washingtonia, Betts medals, American Revolution and Post Revolutionary War military uniform buttons, Continental currency, American Revolutionary Debt Certificates, Colonial era related Documents and Manuscripts, and various auction catalogues and Fixed Price Lists.

Also included in the envelope was "Copper Tome #9, June 1993" six pages printed both sides on salmon (?) colored 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper.

I do not know which to discuss first. So I'll digress. The first time that I was this numismatically excited was in the late 1970's when I encountered my first copy of PENNY-WISE, the bi-monthly journal of the Early American Coppers Club (EAC). The second time was receiving a copy of Jack Collins' fixed price list on Washingtonia. This list is the third. What I found in PENNY-WISE and Jack Collins' list, and what I found here was what I call "pure" numismatics - a love of the subject, free from affectation and ego, devoted to communicating one's knowledge and, if successful, one's numismatic passion.

As for Tom's fixed price list, 300 items are listed on 52 pages, just under 6 items per page. Why? Virtually all of the items are attributed, meticulously described, many provenanced, and most are accompanied by numismatically significant or fascinating annotations. The offerings are priced from \$15.00 to just under \$1000 with most items priced between \$50.00 and \$300.00. The offerings in this list are not the high priced items that one finds in the high-powered catalogues, coins that are beyond most collectors. These are colonials for real-life collectors. This is not to say that the offerings are pedestrian or unimportant. Rather these modestly priced offerings are worthwhile examples of America's colonial heritage, many of which are important pieces, many from important collections or auctions.

Tom's list is a veritable seminar in American colonial coinage. For those who want to collect American coins, but are tired of pursuing slabbed, promoted common coins, colonials are the perfect collectible numismatic coins.

Now for "Copper-Tome", which Tom refers to as "The house rag of Yesteryear Coins, of dubious merit and terrible spelling". This particular issue consists of Tom's observations on the desirability of collecting colonials, suggestions for buying them, and ideas for building a collection. The writing is personal, straight forward, readable, nearly impossible to put down, and again free from ego or affectation, almost as though Tom was sitting with you and just talking coins.

Yes, there are misspellings in the list and "Copper-Tome". Big bloody deal. Remember, Tom's writing is fluent and conversational; so how can you misspell a word when you are talking. Clearly knowledgeable in this labyrinthine field, Tom is writing from his heart, if not from his very soul. Too often we mistake glitz for substance, production values for numismatic value. Long after the telemarketing and promotion boys and their superficiality have gone to seed, Tom's lists will continue to be of substantive numismatic value.

I have only met Tom a couple of times at various shows, and regret that I have not had the time to spend some time with him talking or better yet listening about colonials. Obviously my loss. Tom mentions in his list that there will be an inaugural meeting for a proposed Colonial Coin Collectors Club at the A.N.A. By the time you read this, you might wish to contact Tom to find out more.



information about this new group.

Tom Rinaldo can be reached at Yesteryear Coins, P.O. Box 186, Bolinas, CA 94924, (415) 868-2666. Although Tom does not mention it, if you want to receive a copy of his list, I am sure it that if you send Tom a couple of bucks to cover mailing, or printing, or whatever, you will feel it appropriate and worthwhile.

## HOW TO BECOME A DEALER IN NUMISMATIC LITERATURE

Several years ago, Dave Bowers put out a booklet on how to become a successful coin dealer. This booklet was replete with good advice and sound business practices.

We were going to put out a booklet about becoming a contemporary dealer in numismatic literature when we realized that the secret is so simple that we could not justify wasting the rainforest that would inevitably have be destroyed in order to supply sufficient paper for the vast number of booklets that would have to be printed to supply the overwhelming demand. So, we decided to share our discovery with our readers for free, gratis, and with our compliments and gratitude for all of their support. Here it is....

**SINCE 1970 IN ORDER TO BE A DEALER IN NUMISMATIC LITERATURE ONE'S LAST NAME OR COMPANY NAME MUST CONSIST EXCLUSIVELY OF EITHER FOUR OR FIVE LETTERS.**

Check it out: Kolbe, Katen, Davis, Sklow, Grady, Durst, Dennis Kroh (Empire Coins), Xenos, Lowe, Richard Sisti, Al Leibs, Roger Zago, Jeff Brown (J.T.'s Numismatic Literature), Jim Webb (formerly operating out of Florida), John Ford (Remember Ford Numismatic Publications), Swann Galleries, James Brown (from Newark). Warren Baker from Canada has put out lists of Canadian numismatic literature. Gordy Frost has put out lists. So has Russell Hibbs.

Oh yeah, well what about John Bergman? I knew you would bring that up. So, do you know what Bergman means in German? "Miner"! 5 letters. Hah! How about Art Rubino? Six letters. BUT Rubino means "ruby". Well then what about Michael and Marlene Bourne - that's 6. So, to my trusty dictionary which says "Bourn" [that's 5!] is the preferred spelling and also that "Bourne" which means a stream (5 letters) or brook (5 letters).

Well what about English book dealers? Remember Spink and Seaby. Do you know who was the head of Seaby's book department who later sold numismatic books under his own name? Peter Jones. How about English numismatic book dealer John Drury? And another English dealer in numismatic literature, John Gaunt. How about Scotland? Alistair Gibb.

In my files I have a book list from J. Raye. I also have a mail bid sale of numismatic literature exclusively, unlisted in Gengerke, by Lu Riggs (October 29, 1970).

Strange, but true.

Of course, there are literature dealers in the U.S. who have names exceeding five letters, but the only ones that come readily to mind since 1970 are Jack Collins and Cal Wilson.

Myron wondered if 5 later surnames were the norm for a population. So I went to the Money Tree mailing list. Fewer that 25% of the names on our list from North America had either 4 or 5 letters. The surnames of the people on our mailing list average 7.2 letters.

If you know the names of any other dealers in numismatic literature from 1970 onward (Remember to qualify as a dealer for the purposes of this game, one must have issued at least one fixed price list, auction, or mail bid sale devoted to numismatic literature), please let us know

**HAYS, DOUGHTY, CROSBY, ANDREWS, GILBERT, NEWCOMB,  
CLAPP, WURTZBACH, AND HINES  
ARE YOU A NUMISMATOLOGIST OR JUST A COLLECTOR?**

On filing some miscellaneous auction catalogues, I just happened to open a copy of Horace Grant's fifth public auction sale (March 14, 1939), and encountered a full page article with the above listed title on page 13 of the catalogue.

The contents of the article contain some fascinating reading for the copper collector and numismatic bibliophile. [Note: the capitalization and punctuation are as printed in the catalogue]

We read in Numismatic papers and magazines that certain half-cents and large cents have been attributed to H., D., C., A., G., or N., that Hays, Doughty, Crosby, Andrews, Gilbert, Newcomb, Wurtzbach, Clapp, Hines and many others have spent hours, weeks and months in studying the United States coppers and have affixed a number to each variety, thus enabling us to classify our own coins and enjoy having not only one, but several of each date, struck from different dies, as attributed by the above mentioned students. When we can do that, we will be accepted as a NUMISMATOLOGIST.

I have been informed that Mr. Newcomb is working on a classification of large cents which will embody the works of all the other specialists and include hundreds of cents not classified by them. This book probably will be used universally by Dealers in listing for auction sales and will stimulate interest in collecting varieties.

Has it ever been your good fortune to talk with a real honest-to-goodness NUMISMATOLOGIST, to see his coins and listen to the history of the many die varieties found under the same dates? A few weeks ago it was my pleasure to visit one of our oldest A.N.A. members, Mr. Henry C. Hines of New Jersey; time 10:30 A.M. and Henry was just returning to his apartment after breakfast. I noticed on the top of his desk, at least a hundred large cents, arranged there for comparison and study. He had just acquired the lot, all dates in the forties and fifties, and had worked on them until four o'clock that morning. He felt, however, that the discovery of several new varieties, not previously listed, amply repaid him for the loss of a night's sleep.

I predict that Mr. Newcomb's new book, when available, will make many new Die Variety Collectors, so why not start now? It is not necessary to buy the high priced cents to have an interesting die variety collection. The following cents [179 attributed lots] have been attributed by a well known collector and offer to the amateur collector, many die varieties at reasonable prices. START NOW.

**H E L P I**

I am working on a research project and would appreciate any help which you could provide. I am both collecting and trying to assemble a listing of reprints or offprints from the NUMISMATIC SCRAPBOOK MAGAZINE [NSM]. Reprints and offprints were issued by the AMERICAN JOURNAL



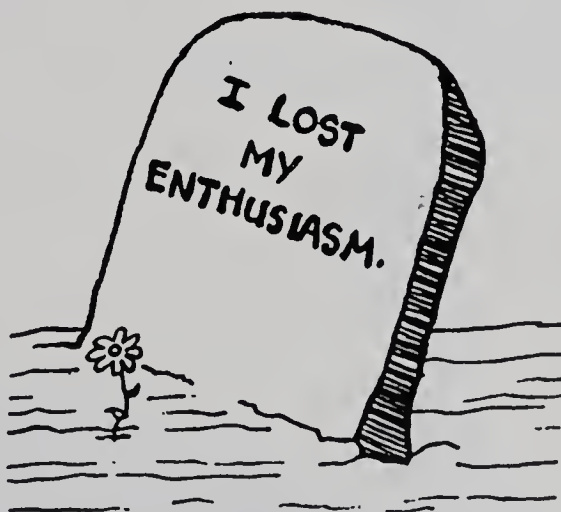
OF NUMISMATICS and by THE NUMISMATIST. Most collectors are familiar with them. Not so many collectors are familiar with the reprints of the NSM. The reprints or offprints with which I am familiar were issued in the same size as the NSM, 13.7 by 19.9 centimeters, generally with textured card covers, though some were issued self-covered. Some titles which originally appeared serially in NSM were issued as Hewitt Information Series, including Breen's **Dies and Coinage**, and his various titles on the U.S. gold series.

I am also interested in purchasing any of the NSM reprints or offprints which you may have, and that I may need. Please contact me with what you have and what you want for it/them.

## HELP I, Part 2

Myron has been working for several years on a research project of assembling a complete listing of reprints from THE NUMISMATIST. While many of the reprints are commonly known, we would appreciate it if you could supply Myron with the titles, date of reprint, color of cover, number of pages, and other pertinent details of any reprints from THE NUMISMATIST which you have. As he has been collecting them for the past few years, he has a rather large number of them.

As with me, he is also interested in purchasing any reprints or offprints from THE NUMISMATIST which you may have and which he may need. Please contact him with what you have and what you want for it/them.





HECTOR A. BARRAZA  
SOUTHWEST AREA MANAGER  
CUSTOMER SERVICES

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE  
PO BOX 225459  
DALLAS TX 75222-5459

June 4, 1993

Dear Postal Customer:

The parcel you are receiving should have been delivered to you in early January, 1993. This parcel was mailed from the Pittsburg, PA. area just before or just after this past Christmas.

During the transport of this trailer by rail, it was inadvertently sent to Los Angeles, CA. with the wrong markings. Because of those incorrect markings, it sat in the Southern Pacific Rail Yard in Los Angeles for the past five months. When it was determined that the contents of the trailer was mail, postal officials were immediately notified and the trailer was returned to the Postal Service.

The Postal Service is investigating this incident along with officials from Southern Pacific and ConRail Railroad Companies.

We offer our sincere apologies and assurance that this incident is truly out of the ordinary. We are endeavoring to ensure this type of incident does not occur again. Thank you for your understanding. If you would like further information or we can answer any questions, please feel free to contact me by writing to the above address.

Sincerely

Hector A. Barraza  
Southwest Area Manager  
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